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GRANT MORRISON'S
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Changes
EPISODE ONE.
FROBISHER?
HAVE YOU SEEN ANY OF THIS STUFF?
MMM?
ALL THIS STUFF HE'S GOT JUST LYING AROUND IN HERE.
I MEAN LOOK AT THIS... MISCHIEF NIGHT, OR AS 'YOU PLEASE'... I THINK IT'S THE ORIGINAL DRAFT FOR AN UNKNOWN SHAKESPEARE PLAY...
SCRIPT — GRANT MORRISON
ART — JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS — ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR — SHEILA CRANNA
WHAT'S SHAKESPEARE?
AND THIS IS MICHELANGELO!
IT'S A DRAWING OF THE DOCTOR BY MICHELANGELO! SIGNED AND EVERYTHING!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
MICHELANGELO...
...AND THE DOCTOR...
AH! HERE YOU ARE!
WOULD YOU LIKE THE GOOD NEWS OR THE BAD NEWS?

UH, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GET THE BAD NEWS OVER WITH, DOC.
DOCTOR, THIS IS VAN GOGH, ISN'T IT?
THIS IS A PAINTING OF YOU BY VAN GOGH...

WELL, I MEAN, IT'S NOT THAT BAD! IT'S JUST THAT I'D PREFER IT IF BOTH OF YOU STAYED HERE UNTIL I'VE TRACKED DOWN OUR INTRUDER.
YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS FOR AGES.
?
OUR WHAT?!

THE TARDIS HAS BEEN INVADED.
...VAN GOGH...
HELIUM
MAP of BARSOOM

NOT THAT IT'S REALLY ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. THE INTERIOR OF THE TARDIS EXISTS IN A STATE OF TEMPORAL GRACE.
WHILE THE ENGINES ARE RUNNING NO VIOLENT ACT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED WITHIN ITS CONFINES...

SO WE'RE SAFE?
THAT'S THE GOOD NEWS.
OH, AND PERI...
UHUH?..
?

HE PRONOUNCED HIS NAME, 'GOCH' AS IN 'LOCH', NOT 'GO'. 'VAN GOCH'.
'BYE.

HUH?
WHAT DID HE SAY?
I THINK HE TOLD US TO STAY PUT... AND I NEVER GOT THE CHANCE TO TELL HIM I'VE GOT MY SHAPE-SHIFTING POWERS BACK...
OH.
OH RIGHT. GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE RECOVERING AGAIN, FROBISHER.
MAYBE THIS ISN'T SUCH A GREAT IDEA AFTER ALL, FROBISHER.
I DIDN'T REALISE THE TARDIS WAS SO BIG!
NEITHER DID MY POOR FEET! STILL WE OUGHT TO AT LEAST OFFER TO HELP THE DOCTOR...

'...WHEREVER HE IS...'
'ARE YOU SURE WE HAVEN'T DOUBLED BACK ON OURSELVES?'

YEAH, I'M SURE. SEE? THESE ARE THE TARDIS MEMORY VAULTS. WE DEFINITELY HAVEN'T BEEN HERE BEFORE.
WHAT HAPPENS HERE?

UH, WELL, IT'S A BIT ON THE COMPLICATED SIDE FOR A HUMAN TO UNDERSTAND, BUT BASICALLY IT'S, UH, SOME SORT OF FOUR DIMENSIONAL SIMULATION GALLERY, YOU KNOW? WHERE THE TARDIS STORES IMAGES OF ALL THE PLACES IT'S BEEN.
I THINK.
DON'T WORRY, I GET IT.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

BUT HE COULD BE IN...

...HERE?...
FROBISHER?

FROBISHER, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
FROBISHER!
OH, NO...
DOCTOR!
DOCTOR!
FROBISHER!
ANY...
...ONE!
OH.
'DOCTOR, IS THAT YOU?'

IS WHAT ME?
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STAY WHERE YOU WERE.
I KNOW, I KNOW...

YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED! OUR UNINVITED GUEST HAS DRAINED OFF AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF POWER FROM THE TARDIS. WE'RE IN NORMAL TIME. THERE'S NO STATE OF TEMPORAL GRACE NOW, I'M AFRAID.
IS PERI WITH YOU?
WELL, IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT, DOC...

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! I CAN'T LEAVE YOU PEOPLE FOR A MOMENT!
WHERE IS SHE?
WE GOT SEPARATED IN THE MEMORY VAULTS.

WE'LL GO THIS WAY. IT'S A SHORT CUT.
WALIKK!

WELL, IF YOU LIKE. BUT GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES I'D JUST AS SOON RUN, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU!

I'VE BEEN RUNNING AROUND LIKE AN IDIOT.
EVERYTHING KEPT CHANGING!
YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU, DOCTOR.
FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!
CONTINUED.

Changes
EPISODE TWO.
THE TARDIS HAS BEEN INVADED AND PERI IS MISSING...
PERI — ARE YOU THERE?
SHE'S LONG GONE, FROBISHER.
I THINK THAT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS EVEN TO YOU NOW.
WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK IN HERE.
WHAT IS IT?
THE TARDIS ZOO.
A-HA!
SCRIPT — GRANT MORRISON
ART — JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS — ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR — SHEILA CRANNA.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KEPT A ZOO DOWN HERE AS WELL, DOC.
UP HERE, YOU MEAN.
AND IT'S NOT STRICTLY A ZOO. MORE A SORT OF WAY STATION.
MOST OF THESE ANIMALS WERE ENDANGERED IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.
WHAT I DO IS RELOCATE THEM IN SUITABLE ENVIRONMENTS WHEN I GET THE CHANCE.
AND IN THE MEANTIME THEY'RE MAINTAINED IN THESE SYNTHETIC HABITATS. FORTUNATELY THERE HASN'T BEEN TOO MUCH DAMAGE. I'LL DEAL WITH IT LATER.
THERE'S NO DENYING YOUR HEARTS ARE IN THE RIGHT PLACES, DOC; BUT NONE OF THIS HELPS US FIND PERI!
AS I RECALL, IT WAS YOU WHO MANAGED TO LOSE HER.
TAKE A LOOK AROUND.
YEAH, IT'S A MESS. SO?
IT MEANS THE INTRUDER'S BEEN THROUGH HERE — AND MORE. THAT HABITAT THERE CONTAINED A SWUFFLE, ONE OF THE MOST HEARTBREAKINGLY APPEALING FLUFFY ANIMALS YOU'RE EVER LIKELY TO ENCOUNTER.
NOW, THAT CASE HAS BEEN BROKEN FROM THE INSIDE.
WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU?
THE SWUFFLE GOT BORED.

IT WASN'T A SWUFFLE. IT ONLY MADE ITSELF LOOK LIKE ONE, SO THAT I WOULD BRING IT ON BOARD.
IT WAS A SHAPESHIFTER!
ADD TO THAT INFORMATION THE FACT THAT OUR INTRUDER HAS BEEN ABLE TO DRAIN ENERGY FROM THE TARDIS, AND WHAT DO YOU GET?
HOPELESSLY CONFUSED?
YOU GET A KYMBRA CHIMERA.
IT'S A VERY PRIMITIVE RELATIVE OF YOUR SPECIES. AS A MATTER OF FACT, ONLY IN THE CHIMERA'S CASE, IT USES STOLEN ENERGY TO POWER ITS SHAPE CHANGES.
US WHIFFERDILLS RELATED TO MONSTERS? COME ON, DOC!
I'M AFRAID IT'S TRUE.
AT LEAST PERI SHOULD BE SAFE FOR A SHORT TIME, WHILE THE CHIMERA ABSORBS THE ENERGY IT DRAINED.
I DON'T REMEMBER THIS BEING HERE.
YOU KNOW, IT'S A CURIOUS THING, FROBISHER...

BUT THE TARDIS SEEMS TO BE GETTING BIGGER.
STILL, WHILE WE'RE HERE WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK IN THE SECONDARY CONTROL ROOM.
MAYBE WE SHOULD SPLIT UP— COVER MORE GROUND.
YOU'D ONLY GET LOST.
ANYWAY, WHAT DO THEY SAY ON EARTH? TWO HEADS...
... ARE BETTER THAN ONE!
PERI?
DOCTOR! HELP!
DOCTOR! HELP!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO REPHRASE THAT, DOC?

FROBISHER, QUICKLY! WHICH ONE? WE MUST GET IT RIGHT!

ON THE LEFT.
IT CAN'T DUPLICATE CLOTHING...

'SEE? THE CLOTHES AND NECKLACE ARE FUSED INTO ITS FLESH!'

SSSSS!...

LOOK OUT!

I'LL GET PERI, IF YOU CAN KEEP IT BUSY.
IF I'M RIGHT, IT'LL COPY YOU AND EXHAUST ENOUGH OF ITS POWER FOR ME TO GET RID OF IT. RECKON YOU'RE UP TO IT?
I GET THE EASY JOB, HUH? OKAY, DOC...

EXCUSE ME WHILE I CHANGE...

'...INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE!'
FROBISHER — IS THAT YOU?
GRRRSHHH!

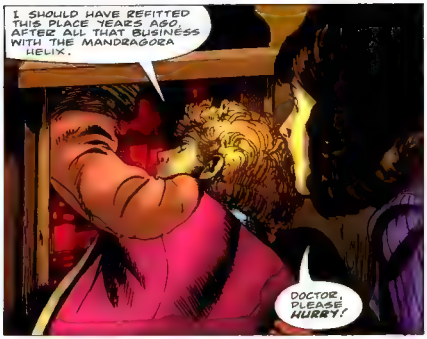
COME ON, PERI!
DOCTOR WHAT'S HAPPENING?
FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU AND THEN...

LET'S HOPE FROBISHER'S POWERS LAST.
NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS ACTIVATE THE DISPOSAL WHORL AND...

OH...
THAT'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND.
DOCTOR?

HURRY IT UP, DOC!
DOCTOR... THIS IS TEA!
REALLY?

I'M SURPRISED THAT DISPENSER STILL WORKS!
I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.


I SHOULD HAVE REFITTED THIS PLACE YEARS AGO, AFTER ALL THAT BUSINESS WITH THE MANDRAGORA HELIX.
DOCTOR, PLEASE HURRY!

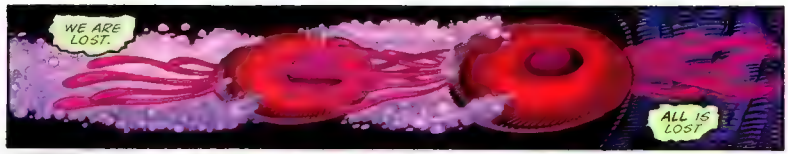
DOC! I'M BEING BEATEN! MY POWERS ARE FAILING...
HELP!

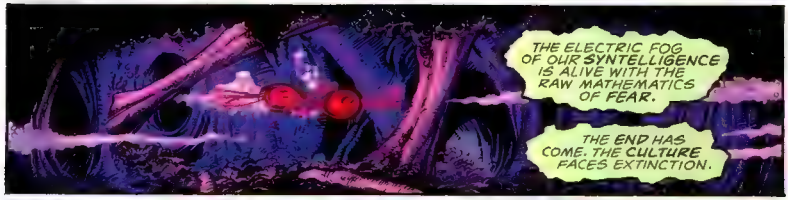
AH! HERE WE GO. IT'S A SYNAPSE BLOCKAGE IN THE NEUROCABLING.
PRESS THE BLUE STUD, WOULD YOU, PERI?

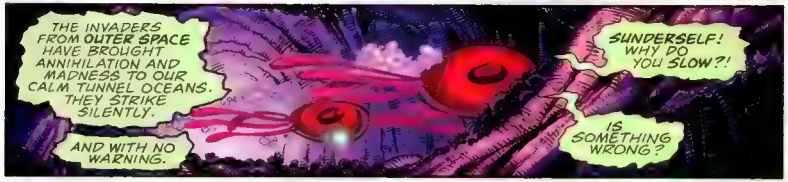
THE BLUE STUD? WHAT, THIS ONE?

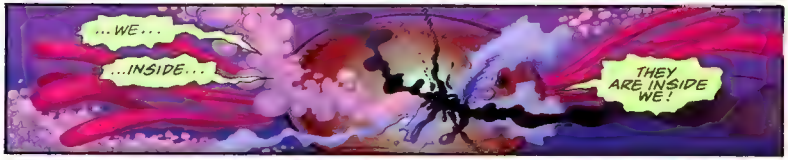
AND PERI, WATCH OUT...

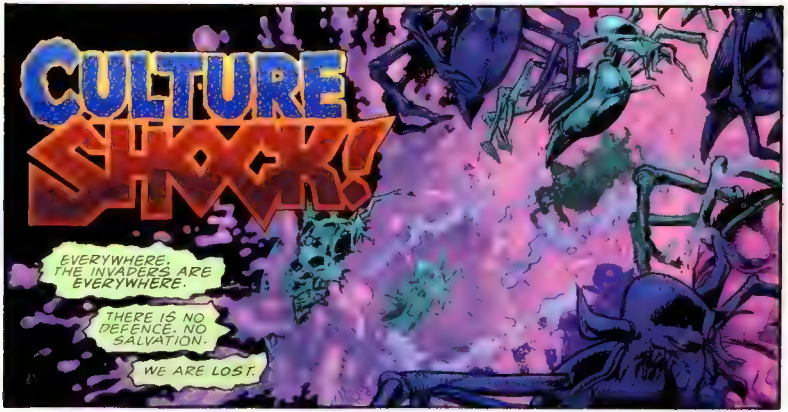
...FOR THE SUCTION!
SHREEEE!
HELP!
BLUE STUD PER!
THERE!
NOW THAT WASN'T SO BAD, WAS IT?
SHHWHOOP
NEVER!
NEVER AGAIN!
WELL?
TEA, ANYONE?
THE END.











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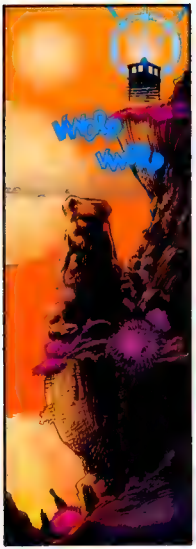
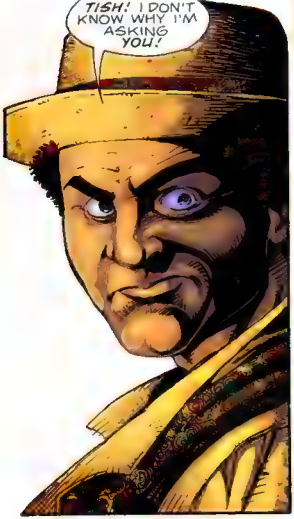
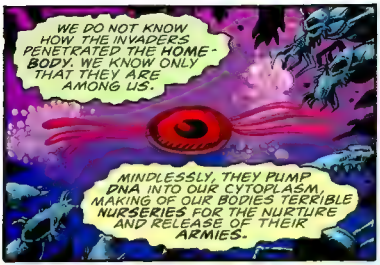


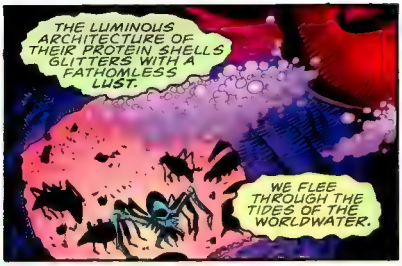
WELL, OLD GIRL, I THINK WE'RE *LOST* AGAIN!
I DON'T KNOW – A *TRAMP*, THAT'S ALL I AM! ALL I'VE *EVER* BEEN.

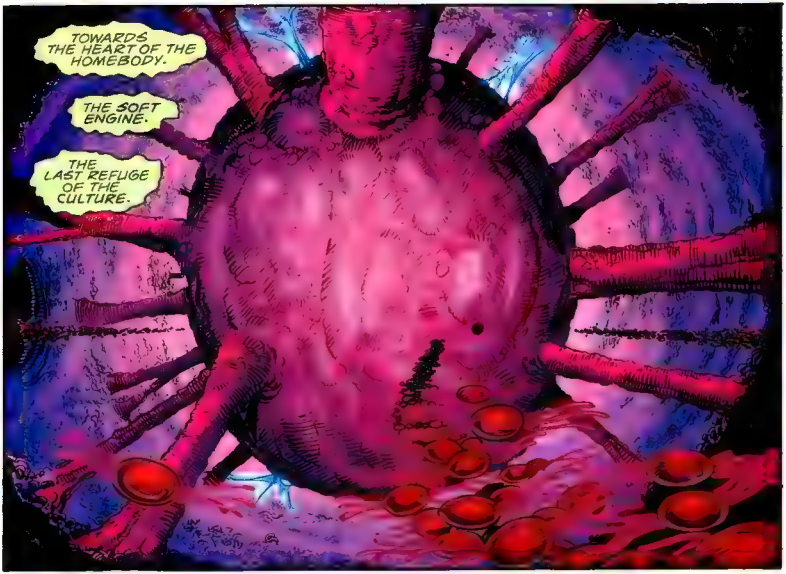
I MEAN, WHAT'S THE *POINT* OF ALL THIS BUMMING AROUND TIME AND SPACE? WHY DO I GO ON LIVING LIKE THIS?

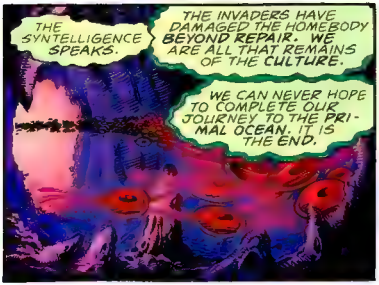

TISH! I DON'T KNOW. WHY I'M ASKING *YOU!*

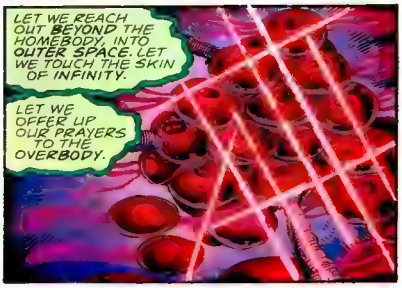
YOU'RE ALMOST AS OLD AND *USELESS* AS I AM!
MAYBE IT'S TIME TO GO HOME... FOR *GOOD*.


WE DO NOT KNOW HOW THE INVADERS PENETRATED THE HOME-BODY. WE KNOW ONLY THAT THEY ARE AMONG US.
MINDLESSLY, THEY PUMP DNA INTO OUR CYTOPLASM, MAKING OF OUR BODIES TERRIBLE NURSERIES FOR THE NURTURE AND RELEASE OF THEIR ARMIES.


THE LUMINOUS ARCHITECTURE OF THEIR PROTEIN SHELLS GLITTERS WITH A FATHOMLESS LUST.
WE FLEE THROUGH THE TIDES OF THE WORLDWATER.


TOWARDS THE HEART OF THE HOMEBODY.
THE SOFT ENGINE.
THE LAST REFUGE OF THE CULTURE.


THE SYNTELLIGENCE SPEAKS.
THE INVADERS HAVE DAMAGED THE HOMEBODY BEYOND REPAIR. WE ARE ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE CULTURE.
WE CAN NEVER HOPE TO COMPLETE OUR JOURNEY TO THE PRIMAL OCEAN. IT IS THE END.


LET WE REACH OUT BEYOND THE HOMEBODY, INTO OUTER SPACE. LET WE TOUCH THE SKIN OF INFINITY.
LET WE OFFER UP OUR PRAYERS TO THE OVERBODY.

DID YOU HEAR THAT?
IT SOUNDED LIKE A TELEPATHIC CRY FOR HELP!

I DON'T SUPPOSE I NEED TO GET INVOLVED.
TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE CHILD AS THEY SAY.

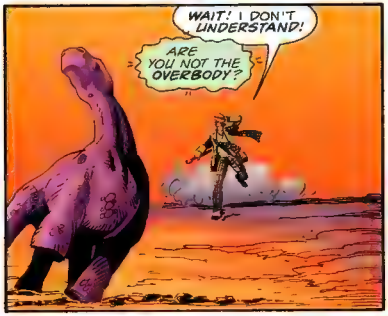
DON'T THEY?

HELP ME!

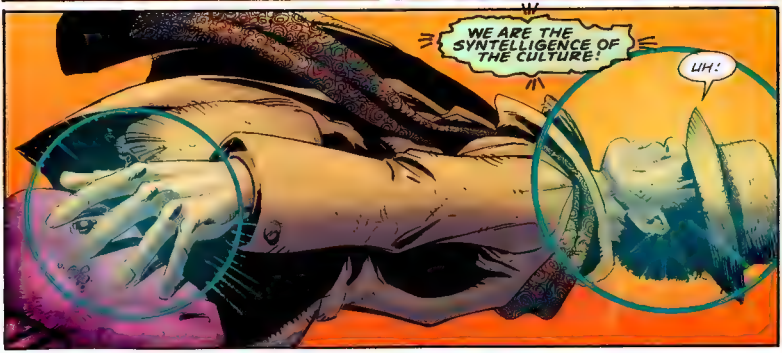
WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN HEAR YOU BUT...

AH!

OUR GREAT JOURNEY TO UNION WITH YOUR PRIMAL OCEAN IS AT AN END.
OUR HOMEBODY HAS BEEN INVADED.


WAIT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
ARE YOU NOT THE OVERBODY?

NO... I...
WHAT ARE YOU?
WHAT YOU SEE IS SIMPLY OUR HOMEBODY.
OUR TRANSPORT.


WE ARE THE SYNTELLIGENCE OF THE CULTURE!
UH!

AND YOU..? WHAT ARE YOU IF NOT THE OVERBODY?
I'M CALLED THE DOCTOR.
WHAT IS 'I'M'?
HOW CAN YOU...BE WHAT YOU ARE..? A SENTIENT HOMEBODY?

'THE CULTURE..? OF COURSE!
YOU'RE A CELL CULTURE AND THE SYNTELLIGENCE IS SOME SORT OF MASS MIND...

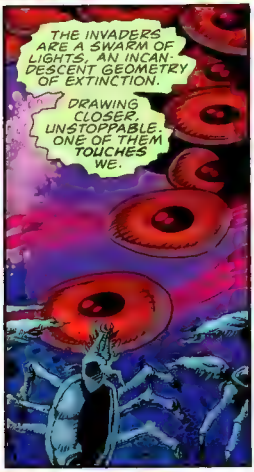
...AND YOU'RE UNDER ATTACK FROM A VIRUS!
THE INVADERS HAVE BREACHED THE THORACIC GROTTO - IT IS THE END!

LISTEN, I THINK I CAN HELP. JUST STAY PUT. DON'T MOVE.
..DOCTOR..?

DOCTOR!
WE LOSE CONTACT WITH THE CREATURE AS IT RECEDES INTO THE DEPTHS OF OUTER SPACE.
THIS IS THE FINAL CRUELTY; WE HAVE TOUCHED THE MIND OF SOME INCOMPREHENSIBLE ALIEN. WE HAVE BEGGED FOR ITS HELP.

AND IT HAS ABANDONED WE TO THE HORROR.
IN THE GROTTO, HUNDREDS OF WE ARE BEING DESTROYED.

WE FEEL THE SYNTELLIGENCE DISINTEGRATE. ITS BOUNDARIES COLLAPSE INTO MEANINGLESS FORMULAE IN THE FACE OF APOCALYPSE.


THE INVADERS ARE A SWARM OF LIGHTS, AN INCANDESCENT GEOMETRY OF EXTINCTION.
DRAWING CLOSER. UNSTOPPABLE. ONE OF THEM TOUCHES WE.

AND WE SUDDENLY REALISE THAT IT IS DEAD.
ALL OF THEM ARE DEAD.
AND WE HEAR ONCE MORE THE VOICE OF OUR REDEEMER.
THERE.

I THOUGHT THAT MIGHT DO THE TRICK - MAXENSHUDICEA. IT NEVER FAILS.

NOW, DIDN'T YOU MENTION SOMETHING ABOUT TRYING TO REACH THE OCEAN?
THE MIRACLE IS COMPLETE.

ITS PURPOSE DONE, WE UNMAKE THE HOMEBODY. WE SLIP THE CHEMICAL KNOTS THAT BIND ITS STRUCTURE. WE UNCHAIN ITS DNA. AND, AT LAST, WE ENTER PARADISE.
OUR AWARENESS EXPLODES INTO DIMENSIONLESS, MYTHIC SPACE. WE KNOW UNION WITH THE OVERBODY, WITH THE INFINITE PRIMAL OCEAN. JOYOUSLY, WE DIVIDE AND REPLICATE AND BROADCAST OUR THANKS TO THE REDEEMER.
TO THE DOCTOR.
NO. THANK YOU.
WELL?
DON'T JUST SIT HERE.
WE'VE GOT PEOPLE TO SEE, PLACES TO GO, THINGS TO DO!
KA-K!
VWORP VWORP

COMING NEXT MONTH:

IDWORDS
News from the nerve center of IDW Publishing

SIR APROPOS OF NOTHING COMES TO IDW—AND IT SURE IS *SOMETHING!*

ACTION, DRAMA, FANTASY, AND A TOUR DE FORCE *OF WHIT AND WISECRACKERY!*

variant cover by Joe Corroney

Esteemed *New York Times* best-selling author and fan-favorite comic book writer **Peter David** brings his second novel creation to IDW. Last year, IDW and Peter David brought you the new explorations of *Star Trek: The New Frontier*, and every month you can read Peter's *Fallen Angel* comic series here too, but now Sir Apropos of Nothing, created in Peter's 2002 novel of the same name, turns fantasy on its ear. Just when you think you've seen a set-up before, Peter twists it into something new and exciting, ironic, and more often than not—funny.

Joining Peter on *Sir Apropos of Nothing* is artist **Robin Riggs**, best known for his inking work, finally given a proper chance to show what he can do. Not satisfied to just pencil the book, Robin is inking and coloring it as well.

Look for *Sir Apropos of Nothing* #1 on sale in November with an eye-catching cover by Riggs and a variant cover by **Joe Corroney**. And look for other great fantasy artists like **Michael Kaluta** and **Trevor Goring** to contribute variant covers on future issues!

IDW caught up with Peter long enough to catch a few words about the series:

OCTOBER RELEASES FROM IDW PUBLISHING

COMICS

Angel: After the Fall #13
Doctor Who: The Forgotten #3
Dreamland Chronicles #4
Epilogue #2
Fallen Angel #31
Galaxy Quest: Global Warning #3
Ghostbusters: The Other Side #1
GI Joe #0
Grant Morrison's Doctor Who Classics #1
Legion of the Supernatural #1

Presidential Material: John McCain
Presidential Material: Barack Obama
Presidential Material Flip-Book

Pristeen 16 #2
Spike: After the Fall #4
Star Trek: Mirror Images #4
Star Trek: Romulans: The Hollow Crown #2
Transformers Animated: Arrival #3
The Transformers: All Hail Megatron #4
The Transformers: Best of the UK: Time Wars #3
TF Movie Prequel: Saga of the Allspark #4
Welcome to Hoxford #3

GRAPHIC NOVELS • ART BOOKS • SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

WORTHWHILE BOOKS

Pet Robots

American Freakshow TPB
Art of Transformers TPB
Black Heart Billy TPB
Chiaroscuro TPB
Complete Little Orphan Annie Vol. 2 HC
The Complete Terry and the Pirates, Vol. 5
The Cryptics TPB
Das Tarino: The Latest Art by Ashley Wood
Everybody's Dead TPB
Freaks of the Heartland Scriptbook
Ghost Whisperer: The Haunted TPB
Heretic TPB
Night Mary
Richard Matheson's Hell House HC
Shock Festival HC
Sparrow, Vol. 0: Ashley Wood Sketches & Ideas HC
Speed Racer, Vol. 6 TPB
Star Trek: New Frontier TPB
Steve Niles Omnibus TPB
The Transformers: Armada, Vol. 1 TPB
The Transformers: Best of the UK: Space Pirates TPB

Grant Morrison's Doctor Who Classics #1

Black Heart Billy TPB

Everybody's Dead TPB

Shock Festival

Comments, questions, suggestions, complaints, gripes, etc. are appreciated. Feel free to send any correspondence to letters@idwpublishing.com or IDWords, 5080 Santa Fe Street, San Diego, CA 92109. You can also join in the hullabaloo on our message boards at idwpublishing.com.

IDW: Peter, not that you ever left IDW, but welcome back for another new series. So this is based on your novel. Mind telling us what inspired you to write the novel in the first place?

PETER A. DAVID: I'm honestly not sure. I was at a convention in Wisconsin and, during a function, he just kind of walked—or rather limped—into my head fully formed. Limp of leg, with a staff in his hand and a bastard sword strapped to his back, and the name "Apropos of Nothing." And I spent the next few months writing a few pages of the novel every day, with no real guideline as to what I was doing, until I had half a manuscript.

IDW: And give us a quick recap of the novel too, for those (like me) who don't do prose, please.

PAD: Apropos is the bastard son of a tavern whore who was raped one dark and stormy night by a group of dark and stormy knights. Apropos was the result of that evening, and when he grows to young manhood, he has become cynical and bitter over a world that celebrates knights and chivalry. He winds up going to the King's court to confront the knights, one of whom is likely his father, with the intention of causing havoc while turning a quick buck. Things don't work out exactly the way he expects. But then, they never do.

IDW: How did bringing Sir Apropos to IDW come about, and why is he a great fit for a comic book rather than continuing his adventures in the prose format?

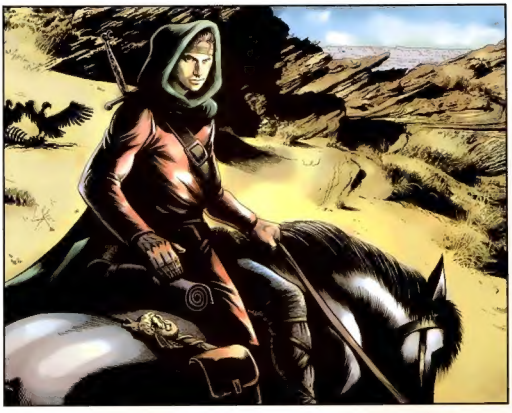
PAD: The deal was arranged by lit agent Andy Zack. I would have been perfectly happy to continue Apropos in prose, to be honest, but Pocket Books has paradoxically said they're not interested in producing more novels while—at the same time—they keep going back to press with the earlier books in the series (the first novel is up to its sixth printing). That said, when the opportunity to continue the series in comic form presented itself, I made sure to put together a story that would work as a comic far better than in text.

IDW: Why now and why am I going to pick this book up? What's so special?

PAD: I would like to think that, in this day and age of incessant mass company crossovers and complicated back story, fans would get excited about something as simple and straightforward as a great fantasy story well-drawn. Anyone who is a fan of the anti-hero, ranging from Blackadder to Flashman to Doctor House, should appreciate an acerbic smart ass who happily deconstructs all the classic fantasy tropes and kicks the props out from under expectations.

IDW: Have you worked with Robin Riggs before? What is it about his art that led you to believe he was the right guy to tell this story?

PAD: Robin was my inker on *Supergirl* and always turned in great work. I knew that he was a penciller as well and had been looking for a project that would allow him to show what he could do. I decided to check out his website and was thrilled to see that his natural pencilling style was very much in the "Prince Valiant" mode, which was exactly what I was looking for in this project. And since he is inking and coloring it as well, it's very much going to be a showcase for him.



IDW: So is this a comedy or action story or a drama?

PAD: Some of each, really. I always feel that a story works best when comedy sets up the drama and vice versa. And I've packed more action into it than I would have had it been a prose story just because I felt it wouldn't hurt to give it that additional extra "oomph" visually.

IDW: So, fair caution: how many puns per issue?

PAD: At least two or three each. Some are subtle and will go past most readers; others will be painfully evident.

IDW: Do you get to stretch some different mental muscles writing SIR APROPOS OF NOTHING *that you don't get to do writing the more mainstream super hero stuff?*

PAD: Absolutely. Apropos has a tone and style unlike anything else I write. It's great to be back writing in his voice; he talks like no other character of mine. The only problem is that sometimes I'm tempted to have him act in a more traditional, heroic way, and I have to reel myself back and say, "No, wait, Apropos wouldn't do that because that's far too generous and traditional. He has to remain a thorough-going bastard so he's true to himself."

IDW: So, when's the SIR APROPOS / FALLEN ANGEL crossover happening?

PAD: The Fallen Angel actually is slated to make a cameo appearance in issue #2, along with an assortment of other instantly identifiable characters. No one is safe in the first two issues, really. Whether it's a snarky send-up of "Dark Tower" or Dorothy Gale of Kansas meeting a truly horrific end, we in the court of Apropos know no limits or bounds of decency or good taste. And I doubt that Apropos would want to have it any other way.

IDW: Any last IDWords?

PAD: Buy this series. Don't piss off Apropos. It won't go well for you if you do.

IDW